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BLUE ENVELOPPE

31 Aug 45

Dearest Mother &Daddy:

No mail as usual today, and it is still hot as the devil. A Filipino Major just came in and I talked to him. He used to work around the prison camp around Davao where Bert stayed on his wonderful vacation of 2 years. He is a Doctor, but didn't know Bert, as I mentioned his name to him.

We are getting paid this afternoon, so I will be rich once again with my 21 pesos. That is equal to the great amount of $10.50. Some gelt, huh?

There are a few boats in today, but little work on my side of the ledger. They are loading and unloading. It sure is hot work for those boys to get down in the holds and do manual labor.

I read last night about the investigation of the Pearl Harbor atrocity by the Congressional committee. They put Gen. Marshall in the blame as much as Admiral Stark and Gen. Kimmel. But yet Pres. Truman defended him. That is the worst thing I ever heard of. The committee finds who is guilty, and because of his high rank he is defended by the President. I think he should be tried as much as any other war criminal. Right?

I sure wish Gen. MacArthur would give the word so the points will be lowered to 80, and we can have a recount. I will have 86 points, and am already about to pack up to leave.

I saw a sorry show last night, Rough, Tough, and Ready, with Chester Morris and Daddy's old favorite, Victor MacLagen. It was his worst picture ever.

There is a nice breeze doming in from the ocean now, and it sure does feel good. It hasn't rained in a couple or more days, and the dust is terrific. We are having services here Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, so I guess Nat and I will probably go Saturday afternoon at 4 PM. It has been a long time since I have been to services. I finally managed to bum 3 packages of pipe tobacco, and was I glad to get it. It don't look like we are going to be able to buy that stuff anymore. Tomorroww we are supposed to get a cigarette and beer ration, and it is also Bert's 31st birthday. Don't time pass. It seems like yesterday that he was born! Right?

That is all for now, so be good, and write soon.

Love,

Harold